Religious Department.

Rev. J. W. MALCOLM, Editor.

MY CHRISTMAS WREATH, AND WHAT IT TAUGHT ME.—Kind hands had hung a Christmas wreath in my sick-room.

My wreath was twined of the hemlock and laurel, and as I gazed on it I thought of the hidden meaning typified by this union

The hemlock is always emblematic of sorrow and suffering, and thus is suggestive of "the bitter cup" which our divine Master drank for our sake, and also of that cup He gives to all of his faithful servants whom he calls to suffer for his sake. Ah! we shrink from this costly baptism of suffering. Our faint hearts cry out, "Let this cup pass!"—But only thus can we attain to the high place in his kingdom, and be fitted for the service and rest of heaven. "Through much tribulation."

The laurel is the emblem of victory; ancient heroes were crowned with its leaves. And so my wreath speaks of the victory that follows that suffering, the glorious crown that awaits us when we have borne the cross to the end; then shall we be "more than conquerors, through him that loved us."

Suffering and victory thus are they closely entwined. Who would not bear the one for a few short days when the other will be unending? Thus my little wreath brought a message of cheer to my weary soul, and amid the Christmas joy I could think of the feast in the paradise above, where pain and suffering can never come, where "the inhabitant shall never say, I am sick," but there shall be "joy and gladness" for ever.

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Weeks passed, and my wreath, now dry and faded, was to be removed. As I glanced at the withered remnant, I saw that the hemlock had all dropped off, only the laurel remained.

Fit sequel to my parable. The suffering is but for the present—the victory eternal!

"And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown."

—*Christian Weekly.*

Rev. Mr. Hoskins, missionary, writing from Budaon, N. W. P. India, Nov. 20, 1871, to a New York paper, speaks most encouragingly of the "native preachers." He says they are "making real progress in knowledge and spiritual power. Our whole work is making great advances, souls are being saved, churches are growing up, and the word of God is working like leaven among the masses."

A MAHOMMEDAN CONVERT.—"One of our late converts, a Mahommedan of much intelligence, is preaching with great earnestness and power in the district. He was educated in the usual Mussulman lore, preparatory to becoming a religious teacher of that sect; but in the course of his studies in the Government Normal School he was convinced that the Koran could not be conformed to the facts of true science. He became unsettled in his faith and a year ago last July, accidentally taking up a New Testament he became awakened while reading the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh chapters of Matthew." After overcoming much opposition and leaving his place as teacher in a school he found his way to a missionary and was "soundly converted to God." If the almost resistless power which money and the ten-thousand other things that hold empire over immortal souls in *our* nation, could for a few days be suspended and give men a chance to stop and take a few breaths of meditation and candid inquiry, how many thousands through the above named chapters might see God and live.

Mr. Hipsley and Miss Marriage, of the English Society of Friends, have spent six weeks in France, doing general religious and benevolent work. They report that there is great openness for receiving the gospel message in most parts of France at the present time. In many cases those who are reputed unbelievers are simply persons who reject the dogmas of the Romish Church, and not necessarily infidels or atheists. Miss Marriage thinks the large amount of relief dispensed by Friends to the war victims has very much opened the way for the evangelical work now.

So in working for the good of individuals, if we want to get a chance to help them to embrace *religion* and to have the privilege of getting near to them when they are in trouble, instead of leaving them let us go and help them as we would a brother or sister, and when we have done this, we have done more to bring them to Jesus than we could have done with a thousand long exhortations for we can exhort but few into religion and can frighten but few, and drive less, but we can lead many by kindness and love.

MR. SPURGEON'S PRAYER IN ROME.—Mr. Spurgeon has been staying in Rome, and on Sunday week preached in the Presbyterian church, outside the Porta del Popolo, the regular minister of which is Dr, Lewis. A correspondent of the Telegraph, describing the service, writes: "Perhaps the boldest thing Mr. Spurgeon ever said in his life was said in his running comments before the sermon, while reading a chapter of Scripture.—Somehow or other, he introduced Rome and Roman affairs into his discourse, and raising his hands and eyes at the same time—the hands clasped, the eyes turned up to the ceiling—he broke out, without warning or preparation of any kind, in the following terms: 'O Victor Emmanuel! O Emmanuel of heaven, thou true Victor! Help the Italians, bless and sanctify their cause, and make them prosperous.' I do not think the cry of 'Fire!' or 'Stop thief!' uttered in the middle of the sermon, would have caused much more sensation than this prayer did."

Some names call up painful thoughts or suggests unpleasant relations. We cannot blame the Spanish king—Roman Catholic that he was—when he refused to employ as his secretary a man who, though also a Romanist, was called Martin Lutero. The name too plainly suggested the Great Reformer. Some eminent men saw the necessity of changing their names, in order to exert a greater influence. One of the great reformers was originally named Hertz Schwartz—black earth; which he changed in favor of the elegant Greek word meaning the same—Melancthon.

The Father in naming His Son was careful in the selection. The name of Jesus has a pleasant sound in every language. It is simple and beautiful. The lines of the familiar hymn express the thought:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear."

It will never cost the Son His throne. There is a beauty in the name of Jesus which well befits the Prince of Heaven. There will be no necessity to change it in order to have Him exert a greater influence. He hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than the angels.

Names originally were given on account of some characteristic of the bearer, or incident. Thus Adam means red, indicating that the body was taken from the ground; Moses, drawn from the water. So the name Jesus was given on account of a main characteristic. It means Sinner-Saviour. He came into the world for the express purpose of saving sinners. He came to set the people free. There are names which still powerfully influence the world, though some of the owners have been dead for centuries. We feel the power of great names. They have a mnemonic power. They call up great deeds and memorable words. The name of Jesus works wonderfully in the world. It calls up to our minds great deeds, words, looks. It has a mnemonic power. It brings before us Bethlehem, Nazareth, Gethsemane, Calvary. It stands in the center, and from it radiates Christ, Immanuel, Saviour, Messiah, Redeemer, Mediator, and all those other precious names. He has glorious titles, but Jesus is the most precious. We do not forget that the best of names are used as a cloak for the ugliest and basest of sins. "Oh, Liberty," said Madame Roland, as she bowed her neck to the guillotine, "what crimes are committed in thy name!" It is not strange, then that many may make an injurious use of the name Jesus, when by it they cover fanatical acts and slanderous words. To what unholy uses has it been put!

It is a name of power, and we should use it so as to become powers. If in that name the Gentiles trust, if there is none other name given among men whereby we can be saved, if the disciples preached boldly in the name of Jesus and worked miracles, surely we too with it can work wonders. In ancient days, the name of a hero was a standard to which men flocked. Mohammed's brought thousands, Napoleon's inspired multitudes. Men were drawn by their potent spell. Jesus is our leader. Will not His name inspire us with courage? Do we want a rallying cry? Here it is—Jesus. Do we want a watchword? Here it is—Jesus. Do we want a name inscribed upon our banners? Here it is—Jesus. Do we want a name that will give strength in the midst of battle? Here it is—Jesus. Do we want a name that will terrify our foes? Here it is—Jesus. It is truly a name of power, for at the name of Jesus, all the hosts of heaven, and the myriads of human race who still live, or have lived, or shall live, are to bend the knee, and every tongue is to confess, either voluntarily or by force—even the wrath of men shall praise thee—that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.—*Exchange.*

The Denver District Annual gives the following general religious news of Colorado: "The Presbyterians, under Rev. Mr. Jackson, have fine churches in progress in Denver, Golden City, and Laramie. The Episcopalians, under Bishop Randall, are pressing their points with commendable energy. The Bishop, it is said, is bringing money to establish a theological department in Jarvis Hall. The Congregationalists dedicated their church in Denver during the year, and the labors of Rev. Messrs. Bliss, of Denver, and Thompson, of Boulder, are very successful. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, under Rev. Dr. Morrison, with about thirty members, is building a chapel in Denver, and becoming flourishingly established. The African Methodist Episcopal church, under Bishop Ward, has laid the corner-stone of a neat chapel of brick, to be erected in Denver this winter. The Baptists are enjoying the labors of an evangelist from the East. The United Brethren, under Rev. Mr. Ross, have built a church on the Platte below Denver, and are progressing favorably."

THE NAME JESUS.—One of our exchanges forcibly says: The world's poet would have us think there is little in a name. Carlyle in his strong, grotesque way says: "There is much, nay, almost all, in names. The name is the earliest garment wrapt round the earth, to which it henceforth cleaves more tenaciously than the very skin." Plato recommended parents to give happy names to their children, because the minds, actions, and successes of men depend upon these as well as upon genius and faith.

God the Father saw that there was a significance in names, that an appropriate one should be given to His Son, wherefore He highly exalted Him, and gave Him a name which is above every name.

There is a Midas magic, it is said, in a name that can change in a moment all things to their opposites. The name of Jesus has, must have, an irresistible force. It has been the means of changing many things to the opposite—sinners into saints, hate into love, and death into life.

Agricultural Department

I. D. R. COLLINS Editor.

VALUE AND USE OF MUCK.—A very insignificant subject, many will say no doubt, especially those who have never used it as a fertilizer; and not one farmer in ten that has it on his own land has ever used it as a manure. When I look around me and see the untold wealth that lies in the thousands of swamps and ponds of New York and New England, and then look at the cultivated lands that produce less than half a crop of grain, when by the aid of the muck in these swamps judiciously applied they could be made to produce three or four times as much, I feel just like going out among the farmers on a lecturing tour—subject, *Muck*. But I have neither the gift of gab nor the time for this. However, I have talked much to my neighbors until I have got quite a number to using it with results satisfactory to themselves, while others have the idea that I have got muck on the brain, some having told me so. Well, I admit it, and I also admit that it has been expensive business; for, like Uncle John's brains in farming, it has caused my barns to expand to an alarming extent in these days of high priced lumber.

I commenced using muck sixteen years ago, and have been increasing its use ever since. My first experiment was a failure. I have one meadow lying next to the swamp where I get the muck, which is rather a cold soil and originally wet, but underdraining has made it dry enough to plough most seasons.

The first muck I ever used I threw out in the fall, and in the spring drew and spread on this meadow at the rate of thirty loads to the acre, and it took that land five years to get over it, and then I had to plough it up and seed it over. Not very encouraging, was it? But I took Luther Tucker's Albany *Cultivator* which kept harping on muck, until I concluded to try again.

When I came to haying, the next summer after applying the muck, I saw that I had made a mistake, and that such cold land needed warming manures. And here let me say that I have since applied muck, composted in various forms to this same piece, but never could see that it was benefited by it in the least, and I now use my horse manure on this piece, giving it a dressing of lime occasionally. The rest of my farm is either slaty or gravelly: and the second year I tried some clear muck on five acres of corn, or rather drew the muck on the same fall after spreading the other in the spring. I drew on about the same quantity to the acre, and let it lie until spring, when it was spread and ploughed under. One acre was manured with barnyard manure at about the same rate per acre, and about one-half acre was not manured at all. There was very little difference in the yield of the muck portion and that not manured at all, while the barn manure gave double any other acre of the piece.

One-half of the farmers would have stopped here, and said that muck was good for nothing; and I confess that I felt the least bit discouraged, as the meadow was worse this year than the first. But the *Cultivator* said there was value in muck, and I was getting ditches opened in my swamp by taking it out, so there was something gained. I sowed the corn hills to oats the next spring, and to rye in the fall, and seeded. That year the muck began to tell, as the oats were nearly as good as on the manure, and far better than the half acre not manured, and the rye was fully as good on the muck. When harvesting the oats I became convinced that there was virtue in it; but how to get it out a little more expeditiously was the question now.

I resolved to try one more experiment; so in the fall I drew fifty loads into the barnyard, covering it all over to the depth of four or five inches; and as it was very dry when put there, it absorbed a vast amount of the liquid manure; and in the spring it was thoroughly mixed with the manure, except that from the stables which was thrown under a shed. This was spread on corn land, side by side with the clear manure; and the crop from the compost was fully equal to the other. I think the manure produced a little larger growth of stalk, and the compost a little the most grain. I have never tried composting muck with lime or ashes, having always applied it clear or composted it with yard manure.

I now have a basement under the whole of my barn, affording sufficient room to stable twenty-five head of cattle. Through the center is an alley four feet in width and four inches below the rest of the floor,—the floor of the whole being water tight. On each side of this alley are the stalls just deep enough for the cattle to stand upon and let the droppings fall in the alley. In front of these stalls are alleys for passage and feeding. In one end of this basement is a room ten feet wide and as long as the width of the barn, viz. 36 feet, so arranged as to be filled from the above. This is the store room for the muck. In the opposite end is a cellar for the manure about three feet lower than the stable floor. The cows are put in at night and fed there then, and the next morning, after which they are let into the yard, when pleasant. Before putting up the cows I take a handcart and cover the alley between the two rows of cows about two inches deep with the dry muck from the cellar, and in the morning this and the droppings are all taken up together and drawn to the manure cellar and dumped in. I also cover the yard from three to five inches deep every fall; also put it in the hog pen, hen house, and keep a large pile of it at the back of the house to receive the slops, wash water, &c.

Before I commenced using muck I made from seventy-five to one hundred loads of manure. Now with the same stock, I make from four to five hundred loads yearly, and raise about five times as much grain and hay from the same land.

Do you wonder that I have muck on the brain? In the course of my experience I have come to the conclusion that on any land that is dry enough not to need underdraining muck applied in any shape is equally as good as barnyard manure, although when applied clear its effect is not as quick as that of manure, but is more lasting. When composted after my plan, I think it is better than clear manure, as it is not quite so stimulating, but more lasting in its effect, producing rather less straw but more and heavier grain. I have made some experiments the past season with muck prepared in different ways, the results of which were quite interesting to me, but as your readers may not have the malady ascribed to myself, it might not interest them, so I will omit it this time.—*N. E. Farmer.*

TURNIPS AND FODDER CORN.—Additional testimony as to the value of fodder corn and turnips for stock, is derived from the statement of Mr. W. H. Pierson, of Vassalboro made in a recent conversation with us. He remarked that he had become convinced, two years since, of the superiority of sweet-corn fodder over that from the southern variety usually grown as cattle food. That year he grew three acres of sweet corn for the Kendall's Mills canning factory, the stalks of which were fed to the cattle. He never fed anything more satisfactory, it giving as good results as the best English hay. Since then he has sown the sweet-corn for fodder purposes. Mr. Pierson thought that sweet-corn had paid him better than any crop he had ever raised. The price obtained was four and a half cents per can, and some farmers this year who have grown corn for the factory, have obtained one hundred dollars per acre for the crop,—it has, however, been an unusually good corn year. Mr. Pierson also believes in the turnip and thinks our farmers miss it that they do not grow them more largely. He regards the crop as capable of becoming, even in our State, of equal importance with the corn crop, and is of the opinion that if its merits were appreciated by our farmers, and it was cultivated to the extent it should be, a failure of the crop would produce more serious consequences than a failure of the corn crop. The present season he has grown three-fourths of an acre, and considers five hundred bushels to the acre a fair average crop, although from eight to nine hundred bushels are easily cultivated and profitably grown. new land being more favorable for them than old. He feeds them to his work horses in preference to meal or oats, and they work as well and look as well as when fed on either of the latter. They are fed with good cut hay, and given at the rate of four quarts (cut) three times daily, to each horse. Mr. Pierson says he has known oxen thin in flesh in the fall to work all winter, when fed no other provender than turnips, to gain in flesh all the time, and come out in the spring good beef. He earnestly recommends their more general cultivation to our farmers, and believes they would find them a profitable crop. He grows the rutabagas.

PROPER TIME TO SKIM MILK.—The milk should be skimmed as soon as all the cream has risen, and before the milk has thickened. The exact time required for the cream to rise, will, of course, depend upon the temperature, but a little experience will enable one to tell. At the time the cream should be removed, it will have a bright, healthy appearance—a rich, yellow, uniform, and such adherency of particles as will enable one, sometimes, to remove the entire cream at one dip of the skimmer. If allowed to stand too long without skimming, both the quantity and the quality of the cream will be seriously affected; the surface will become discolored, blotched and knobby, while underneath the cream is rapidly yielding to the corrosive tendency of the acid in the milk. The thickest cream may be as surely destroyed by standing on the milk, as would the finest fabric in a bath of sulphuric acid. When thus destroyed, the cream is replaced by a thin, watery substance, having no resemblance to milk or cream.

Those facts, which may be easily verified, show how essential it is that the cream should be taken off before the milk has acquired any great amount of acidity. Yet, in order to make the largest quantity of butter, care must be taken not to remove the cream too soon.—Many neat and thrifty housewives make a practice of "skimming up" the milk at stated intervals, so as to be through with the job. This, of course, is very pleasant, but it involves considerable loss, as they do not get the full cream from the newest milk. The milk should all be skimmed at the same age, provided it has had the same conditions as regards temperature, etc. It follows, then, that some milk should be skimmed every night and morning.—*Prize Essay of Mrs. Deane, of Illinois.*

SIZE OF NAILS.—The following table will show any one at a glance the length of the various sizes, and the number of nails in a pound. They are rated 3-penny up to 20-penny. The first column gives the number, the second the length in inches, and the third the number per pound:

Number.	Length in inches.	Nails per pound.
3-penny	1	557
4-penny	1 1-4	353
5-penny	1 3-4	232
6-penny	2	167
7-penny	2 1-4	141
8-penny	2 1-2	101
10-penny	2 3-4	68
12-penny	3	54
20-penny	3 1-2	34

From the foregoing table an estimate of quantity, and suitable size for any job of work, can easily be made.

THE LONDON PRESS ON THE FISK TRAGEDY.—The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on Fisk's murder, says: "It is curious to observe that, notwithstanding the revelations made of the state of society in New York, and the gross immorality, dishonesty and general corruption of judgement likely to fall upon the inhabiahts. Paris, in its worst days, was not to be compared as to wickedness with New York. BeMorny was an angel of light by the side of Tweed and Fisk, yet the fall of Napoleon is attributed by many to the lax morality of the Empire; and on the same principle we ought to look for the speedy fall of the republic in America, where republican virtues completely eclipse imperial vices." Let it not be imagined that Erie scrip or Tammany intriges, that plundered shareholders or hobbled dupes were represented by those three pistol shots which let out the life of him who for four years has been the most conspicuous representive of American civilation. It was the hand of Helen Josephene Mansfield which launched the fatal bullet. One year ago no caricature was more common in the windows of New York than a jar labeled "Lachrymal Fisk." The tears thus shed by the Grand Mogul of Erie were wrung from him not by the vengeance of indignant shareholders or the promptings of dispair, but by the grief that a beautiful Boston girl, who had been married at sixteen to an actor in California and speedily divorced, preferred Edward Stokes to Admirable Fisk. In the Erie tragedy, assassin and his victim were the two most conspicious figures, the cause which consigned James Fisk to a bloody grave was, as usual, a woman."

A SMILING COUNTENANCE.—"An aunt of ours concluded to try the effect of a pleasant smile and a kind word upon her husband when he returned from his work. She had read how a home should be pleasant, and the wife should always meet her husband with a joyful smile. The success she had is best given in the shape of a dialogue.

[Enter husband, very much exhausted, and very hungry withall; throws his hat on the floor and drops heavily into a seat. Wife, preparing tea, looks up with a smile, and is so glad to see him.]

Wife—Well, my dear, it is so nice to have you here at meal-time. [A long smile.]

Husband—Yes, I suppose so.

Wife—How has your business prospered to-day? [Another smile.]

Husband—About so-so.

Wife—Come, my dear, supper is ready; let me draw your chair. [Another smile.]

Husband, gruffly—I am to tired to stir. Wait till I warm my feet.

Wife—Do as you choose, my dear. [Another sweet smile.]

Husband—Look o'here, old woman; before any more fuss is made about it, I should like to know what you are grinning at.

A BRAVE DEED.—The Bangor (Me.) *Whig* states that on Tuesday evening, as the down train on the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad was being made up at Oldtown for connection with the E. and N. A. train, while a locomotive of the former line was moving quite swiftly at a short distance from the depot, a lad about seven years of age walked into the centre of the track, unconscious of the approaching engine.—The locomotive came rushing along and the bystanders, horrified at the peril of the boy, shouted wildly at him to run; but the discovery of his peril seemed to paralyze his limbs, and he stood apparently rooted to the spot by his terror.—But just as the engine had almost reached him a young man rushed from the crowd to the rescue, seized the boy as the pilot of the locomotive was within a few feet of the spot, threw him by main force to the platform beside the rails, and by a mighty effort sprang, almost at the same time, clear of the track, apparantly grazing the front of the engine as it thundered by. The brave fellow who performed this noble act is a young man named Luther Soaper of Oldtown, about eighteen years of age. The cheers which greeted his humane achievement were well deserved.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—CANTON, Jan. 24. A sad accident occurred on the Boston and Providence Railroad this afternoon. Patrick Brailey, a brakeman on the down freight, was instantly killed by his head coming in contact with a bridge which the train was approaching. As the train neared the bridge another brakeman named George Simmons saw Brailey's danger and tried to warn him by signals to look out for the bridge, but it seems Brailey did not understand what Simmons was gesticulating about, and before any one could reach him the bridge struck him, crushing his skull and knocking him from the car. As soon as posible the train was stopped, Brailey's body taken on board and brought to the Canton depot, where an inquest was held by Coroner R. C. Wood. The deceased leaves a family, who were dependent on him for support, at Valley Falls, R. I., where his remains were forwarded.

Mr. Fisk purchased last summer, through his agent, a beautiful family lot in Brattleboro cemetery. He often remarked that Brattleboro was a good old place, and he intended to be laid away there. The lot was one of the finest in the cemetery.

SNOW FLAKES.

A time to run—When you are in a hurry.

A bad sign—To sign another man's name to a note.

Nebraska has an editor so lazy that he spells wife, yf.

The free school system has not reached Arkansas yet.

When is a small baby like a big banker? When he is a wroth-child.

There are in store, in Chicago, 5,21 8,000 bushels of grain.

At what time was Adam married? Upon his wedding eve.

Alexis has presented Parepa-Rosa with a magnificent bracelet.

The abundant rains in California insure bountiful harvests in 1872.

It is officially announced that the Prince of Wales is out of danger.

What is better than a promising young man? A *paying* one.

What hole is it that needs stopping more than any other? A rum hole.

Where gold and silver dwell in the heart, faith, hope, and love dwell out of doors.

It may sound like a parody, yet the breaking of both wings of an army, is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

A man who gives his children habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

Tit for Tat—It is beauty's privilege to kill Time; and, in revenge, Time kills beauty.

Ten feet of snow on the level impedes mining operations in Little Cottonwood, Utah.

The officers and crew of the schooner Hogan, of Boston, were taken off that vessel badly frozen.

The total amount contributed in Philadelphia for Chicago is $263,733 and for the Northwest $32,698.

Paris papers intimate that Bismarck is scheming for the reoccupation of the evacuated French territories.

Ten thousand dollars worth of wedding garments passed through the New York Custom-house, for the daughter of a rich Congressman.

Mrs. Sturdevant wife of the Superintendent of the Nashville Institute for the Blind, lost her life by the explosion of a coal oil lamp.

The minister who divides his discourses into too many heads will find it difficult to procure attentive ears for all of them.

The man who said two porcupines make one prickly pair, is a night of the quill, and not a professor of the higher mathematics.

A bunkum fence was described by a witness under examination in court, as a fence that is bull strong, horse high, and pig tight.

CHEERFULNESS.—Nothing so adorns the face as cheerfulness. When the heart is in flower, its bloom and beauty pass to the features.

A man's wife is his best lawyer, his best counsel, his best judge, his best adviser, and also the cheapest and most reasonable.

Beauty, like the flowering blossoms, soon fades; but the divine excellence of the mind, like the medical virtues of the plant, remains in it, when all those charms are withered.

A minister in Indiana became mixed up in land speculation, and announced to his congregation that his text would be found in "St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, section four, range three, west!"

A great nation standing on its head is not an impressive or edifying spectacle.—*N. Y. Tribune.* To see the head of a great Nation who can't stand on his feet is worse.—*Boston Post.*

It has been ascertained that a big smuggling business has been carried on through Provincetown, Mass. The officers made a raid recently, and captured a large lot of Havana cigars and other fixins.

Rev. Robert Hall, the great Baptist minister, of England, when asked how many sermons a preacher could conveniently prepare in a week, replied: "If he is a man of pre-eminent ability, one; if he is a man of ordinary ability, two; if he is an ass, six."

"What is your notion of the true physician?" asked a medical professor of a student. To which the latter replied: "He is an unfortunate gentleman, who is every day called upon to perform the miracle of reconciling health with intemperance."

"Eliza, my child," said a very prudish old maid to her pretty niece, who would curl her hair in beautiful ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, he would have done it himself."

"So he did, aunty, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself."

A Richmond letter says that the Virginia Senate proposes to appropriate a small sum of money to the erection of marble slabs over the graves of John Randolph of Roanoke, and Judge Edmund Pendldton of Caroline, whos resting-places beneath the sacred soil are now without the commonest mark.

A young Positivist.–Parson–"What's a miracle?" Boy—"Dunno." Parson—"Well, if the sun were to shine in the middle of the night, what should you say it was?" Boy—"The moon." Parson—"But if you were told it was the sun, what should you say it was?" Boy—"A lie." Parson—"I don't tell lies; suppose I told you it was the sun; what would you say then?" Boy—"That yer wasn't sober."

Josh Billinge gives some advice to a young lady as to how she should receive a proposal; You ought to take it kind, looking down hill with an ex preshun about half tickled and half scart. After the pop is over, if yure luvyer wants tew kiss you, I don't think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind ov take its own course.

Recently a rector of a parish in Toledo, Ohio, in catechising his Sunday school, asked: "Where did the wise men come from?" Without a moment's hesitation the answer came from a little five-year old: "*From Boston.*" The father and mother of the little catechumen are natives of the Bay State.

A Fenian over the water was called on for a toast. He gave the following:

"All hail! the American aigle!
Proud bird of freedom, all hail!
The fowl that no one can invaigle,
Or put salt on his beautiful tail."

One of the best things said by Josh Billings, in his last "Almanax," is this: "Eight won't go into six and have anything left over. Many a young fellow has found this out by trying to get a number six boot on."

A young lad who broke through the ice while skating at Lake View, N. J., supposing that he had got to drown, shouted as he went under, the street and number of his residence. Fortunately he was rescued, and the world will be likely to hear from the precious youth hereafter.

BUTLER FOR THE NEXT PRESIDENT.—A large number of women were in the house galleries Jan. 24, spite of the cold, to hear General Butler present the petition of 835,000 of their sisters for a declaratory act in accordance with the Woodhull discovery. Mr. Butler did the thing handsomely, and the ladies evidently were delighted. One of them exclaimed, after it was done: "If congress passes a declaratory act, Butler will be the next president," which was a safe prediction.

The subject of impression at first sight was being talked over at the tea-table, when the lady whose duty it was to preside, said, "she always formed an idea of a person at first sight, and generally found it to be correct." "Mamma," said her youngest son, in a shrill voice, that attracted the attention of all present. "Well, my dear, what is it?" replied the good mother. "I want to know what was your opinion when you first saw me?" The question gave a sudden turn to the conversation.

A stranger passing through a certain street was siezed by a touter at a clothing shop, who, without ceremony, pulled him into the shop, and began puffing up his fine ready-made clothing. Being old and infirm he made little resistance, but asked the man if he was master of the place. "No, sir," said the touter, "but I will bring him immediately." The man returned with his master, to whom the stranger put the same question—"Are you master of this shop, sir?" "Yes, sir, what can I do for you?" "Only," he replied, "just hold your man a minute, while I go out."

LITTLE THINGS.—The perspicuousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following morceau from Mr. B. F. Taylor:

Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered paradise than anything we know of; little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment.

Little words are the sweetest; little charities fly the furthest, and remain the longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled.

Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved.

If all our troubles were single few men would complain of them. But when they come in flocks and crowds then people cry out against them. But do they not always come single, and do we not keep them, and pile them up, and put yesterday's trouble upon to-day's, and anticipate the troubles of to-morrow, until we break down under them. Tronbles do not come in packs, like hounds, but come single, and can be met one by one and conquered or borne. A woodpile cannot be carried in the arms, but seperate it into single sticks and a child can say it it, "Be thou removed to yonder place," and it shall be done. So trouble, in bulk, cannot be borne, but trouble, taken as it comes day by day, is ballast, keeping the mind steady when the gales stiffen and send us on with a quicker motion on the roughened waters.

A FIRST-RATE PUFF.—A large dry goods establishment was recently burned down in this city, when one of the large fire-safe manufacturers of New York, who knew they had one of their articles in the building, wrote on, and requested the proprietors of the ruined store to state how their safe had withstood the conflagration. The answer was as follows: "Gentlemen, your safes are wonderful. Nothing can surpass them for protecting books and papers, though they have some unfortunate opposite effects. One of our clerkr, on Saturday, bought a Shanghai rooster, and at night, unknown to us, put it for safe keeping in the safe. That night our establishment was destroyed by fire, and the safe and its contents were exposed to a tremendous heat for thirty-six hours, at the end of which time it was hoisted out red hot. As soon as possible it was opened, when, you may judge of our surprise, when we found within the Shanghai rooster leaning against the ledger, *frozen to death!*"—*Spirit of the Times.*

AN ACCOMMODATING SPIRIT.—In a certain New England parish, a difficulty arose about the location of the new meeting-house, and the church was rent with the division. The pastor at length preached a melting sermon on the subject of union, and the congregation were dissolved in tears. The next morning Deacon Jones went over early to see his opponent, Deacon Shaw, to make an earnest effort for peace, and the following ensued:

Deacon J.—"Deacon Shaw, I hav'nt slept a wink last night—and I've come over to see if we can't have peace on this subject of the meeting-house; we must settle the difficulty."

Deacon S.—"Well, I'm very happy to hear you talk so, for to tell the truth, I always thought you were a little set in your way."

Deacon J.—"Not at all—and as a proof that I am not, I've come this morning on purpose to see you. Now, Deacon Shaw, we must settle this difficulty, and there is but one way to do it—you must give up, for I can't."